

\$3,000
For women and girls who furnish the best solution
of the mystery in
"THE MILL OF SILENCE,"
Which begins in THE JOURNAL
TO-DAY.

THE JOURNAL

THE MYSTERY
Of "The Mill of Silence," which begins in to-day's
JOURNAL. Is a strange one, and the woman or
girl who guesses nearest will receive
ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS.
See List of Additional Prizes on Another Page.

NO. 4,911.

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PRICE ONE CENT.

WORKMEN TO DEFY THE AUTHORITIES.

Preparations Going on for a
May Day Celebration
in Europe.

Attempt to Be Made to Ignore
the Orders Issued by the
Governments.

Employers Also Making Vigorous Ef-
forts to Prevent the Proposed
Demonstration.

THREATEN TO DISCHARGE THE MEN.

Processions and Mass Meetings Will Be
Held, if the Police Do Not Interfere,
in All the Large Cities—A
Clash Probable.

By Henry W. Fischer.
Berlin, April 26.—My dispatches from all
parts of the Continent show that workmen
are making preparations for a demonstra-
tion May 1.

The governments have issued orders pro-
hibiting these celebrations, but it is evident
that the workmen will defy the authorities.
A clash is expected.

The employers in many towns throughout
Germany have informed their men that they
will be discharged if they take any part in
the Maffeler. Some of the workmen will,
therefore, wait until evening, while others
will celebrate during their half-holiday Sat-
urday, and a few will make their demonstra-
tion Sunday.

In Hamburg the woodworkers, tailors,
stevemakers and tobaccoists will celebrate
throughout May Day, but in Bremen and
Lubbeck there will be no official celebration
until evening.
Schleswig workmen will have an all-day
celebration, as will the workmen of Han-
over also. In a few places the demonstra-
tion will be made Saturday. In the province
of Saxony (in Prussia) the workmen will ce-
lebrate Sunday, except at Magdeburg.

To Celebrate May 1.
There will be great celebrations May 1 at
Anhalt and Thuringia. Workmen who do
not take part in the celebrations at these
places will be fined 50 pfennigs by the
unions to which they belong.

In the kingdom of Saxony open demonstra-
tions have been prohibited. Workmen are
preparing for them, nevertheless, the work-
men of Dresden being especially active.

The workmen of Mayence, Cassel, Munich
and Stuttgart, like those of Dresden, are
making elaborate preparations for their
celebration. The Frankfurt men, however,
will work May 1. The manufacturers of
Durlach have voluntarily granted their men
a holiday on May 1.

Workmen of Austria, especially those
living in Vienna, will have a grand eight-
hour celebration. In Vienna the procession
to the Prater, a great garden and park,
will be bigger than ever before.

Hungarians to Obey.
At Budapest the police have prohibited
any May day celebration, and the workmen,
for the most part, will heed the warning.

In Belgium the Maffeler will be officially
celebrated by mass meetings, special per-
formances and processions. The authori-
ties of the great manufacturing and mining
city of Seraing will entertain the workmen
at a banquet.

There will be no celebration in Holland,
except at Amsterdam, where the cigar-
makers, printers and part of the diamond
cutters will celebrate. Demonstrations have
been prohibited in most of the cities of
Holland.

Premier Rudini, of Italy, has prohibited
demonstrations in any part of the country.
The workmen of Bologna, Milan, Flor-
ence, Venice and Naples, however, will re-
main idle May 1.

Authorities of Oldenburg, Germany, an-
nounce that they will permit a procession
May 1 on condition that the women and
girls wear no red stockings or petticoats.
This is a fact.

FUN FOR DON CAESAR.

Disguised by an Accident During His Bicy-
cle Ride the Parrot Enjoys Him-
self in Broadway.

Don Caesar, the parrot belonging to J. J.
Walsh, of No. 490 Sixth avenue, had a gay
time yesterday. Don Caesar is the only
parrot who enjoys the destination of riding
a bicycle. He is a Spanish parrot and
swears like a trooper. On Sundays Mr.
Walsh places him upon the handle bars of
his wheel and rides out with him. Don
Caesar enjoys the outing very much and
rips out a string of oaths when anything
goes wrong.

When Mr. Walsh was passing Thirty-
fourth street and Broadway yesterday
something caused Don Caesar to lose his
equilibrium. As he felt himself falling he
spread out his wings and flew to the
second story of a store on the corner. All
efforts to coax him down were unavailing
and a crowd gathered to watch him. Tiring
of his lofty perch he made a swoop and
went up Sixth avenue a half block, with a
crowd in pursuit.

He came down in front of a group of
ladies, and as one stooped to pick him up
he let out a choice string of profanity and
the ladies fell back again, while the crowd
yelled. The ladies hurried on and Mr.
Walsh arrived in time to pick up Don
Caesar before he could get away.

CARRIED HALF A MILE BY A CYCLONE.

Kansas Visited by a Terrific
Tornado, Leaving Death
in Its Path.

Five Were Killed, Three Fatally
and Seventeen Seriously
Wounded.

Buildings Split in Two and Wrecked
While Their Occupants
Were Asleep.

LEFT A TRACK OF DESOLATION.

A Child Picked Up in the Fierce Wind and
Swept Far Away Along the Rocks,
Where Its Dead Body Was
Found Next Day.

Clay Centre, Kan., April 26.—A cyclone
of tremendous force sped through Clay
County late last night, dealing death and
destruction on every hand. As far as
known to-night five people were killed,
three fatally wounded and seventeen in-
jured.

The dead are:
Frank Peterson.
Mrs. Frank Peterson.
A child of the Petersons.
Mrs. Ole Naverson.
A grandchild of Peter Anderson.

A full list of the injured is unobtainable,
as the doctors have not returned from the
scene of the disaster. It is known, how-
ever, that every member of the families of
John Morris, F. Welkin, Peter Anderson
and Henry Gardner, was hurt, and three of
them have wounds said to be fatal. A
large number of horses and cattle were
killed, and the damage to farm property is
immense.

The cyclone started about six miles south
of Clifton and went in a northeasterly direc-
tion for twelve or fifteen miles, and then
lost its force by spreading. It passed about
half-way between Clifton and Morganville.
Its track varied from 150 yards to a quarter
of a mile in width. It tore through a farm-
ing community and nothing is left standing.
Houses and barns were wrecked, trees torn
up or broken, fences levelled and hay stacks
blown in every direction.

ALL WERE IN BED.
The cyclone was followed by a terrific
rainstorm which lasted several hours,
flooding the devastated district. There had
been indications of a heavy rain all day,
with local showers, but nobody expected
a storm. As far as learned, the victims of
the cyclone were in their houses and most
of them had retired.

The storm struck Peter Anderson's home
at 9:30 o'clock. This was about a mile
from the starting point. The house was
demolished in an instant. Every member
of the Anderson family was injured. When
they had extricated themselves from the
debris they discovered that Anderson's
grandchild was missing. The dead body of
the child was found this morning in a
ravine half a mile away. It evidently had
been carried there by the wind. Anderson
informed the neighbors, who lived out of
the track of the storm, and search was
commenced for the victims, but little head-
way was made in the rain.

Couriers were sent to Clifton and Morgan-
ville for doctors, but it was daylight
before they arrived. Many of the injured
lay all night, plained down by wreckage,
while others crawled or hobbled across the
country to neighboring houses.

In several instances persons were lifted
into the air by the cyclone and carried for
a distance and then suddenly dropped.
Buildings also were lifted up and hurled
to the ground with terrific force.

SPLIT THE HOUSES IN TWO.

The wife and daughter of John Mor-
ris were reading when the shock came.
The house was divided. The women man-
aged to get out, when the wind picked
them up, carried them 200 yards and
dropped them on a pile of straw. The
people for miles around to-day gathered
at the different points where damage had
been done and rendered assistance in every
way possible.

The track of the storm resembled a piece
of ground levelled with a roller. It is be-
lieved much damage was done in the vic-
inity of Palmer, Washington County, but
the details cannot be learned.

It is impossible at this time to estimate
the damage to buildings and other property.

SHOT BY HIS PLAYMATE.

Young Stanley McDermott Lost His Life
by the Carelessness of Little
Arthur Hagerman.

Stanley McDermott, the fifteen-year-old
son of Charles McDermott, a prominent
real estate dealer of Belmar, N. J., was ac-
cidentally shot and instantly killed Sat-
urday night by Arthur Hagerman, fourteen
years old, the boy's friend and constant
playmate. The accident occurred in the
unoccupied summer cottage of Mr. Mc-
Dermott. At the time of the shooting, be-
sides the principals, there was a lad named
George Huyer present. The three boys had
been playing in the house, when suddenly
Hagerman produced a revolver, which, ac-
cording to his own admission, and the
statement of Huyer, all three knew at the
time to be loaded. Hagerman was hand-
ling the weapon carelessly, when young
McDermott said: "Look out, it may go
off." The words were scarcely out of his
mouth when the pistol exploded, sending a
bullet straight into McDermott's heart.
He put his hand to his breast and ex-
claimed: "I'm shot, send for a doctor."
Hagerman rushed from the house and
sought out Dr. Thompson, but before his
arrival McDermott expired. The father of the
unfortunate boy to whom he was de-
votedly attached, is in a condition of col-
lapse as a result of the sad affair.

Coverer Oliver viewed the body yester-
day, but deemed a jury unnecessary, and
gave a burial permit. It is not thought any
action will be taken against young Hager-
man.

WILL LEAVE THINGS AS HE FOUND 'EM.

Splendid, Though Costly,
Revenge of a Brooklyn
Restaurateur.

Not Getting a New Lease, He
Breaks Up the Front and
Roof of the Dining Hall.

Put Them in at His Own Expense
Long Ago and Doesn't Propose
to Leave Them Behind.

WILL RESTORE THE OLD FRONT.

Property Belongs to the Demas Barnes Es-
tate, and the Restaurateur Man, Who Is
Fighting for a Principle, Is ex-
Assemblyman Everett.

"Sam" Everett, who was an Assembly-
man from Putnam County in 1881 and is
at present a hotel and restaurant keeper
in this city and Brooklyn, is an avowed

STATION ROBBERS ONLY AMATEURS.

Detective Brawn, of the Erie
Road, Says the Masked
Men Were Novices.

Ridgewood Citizens Scour the
Neighboring Country, but
Discover No Clues.

One of the White Masks Worn Found
in the Bushes Near the
Depot by Boys.

FIRST THOUGHT TO BE A JOKE.

Persons Ordered to Hold Up Their Hands
Did Not Take It Seriously
Until They Heard the
Rifle Shot.

It is believed that the attempted robbery
on Saturday last of the Erie Railroad sta-
tion at Ridgewood, N. J., and the wounding
of the station and express agents, was the



PETER CISCO

FRANK BECHTLOFF



ERIE RAILROAD STATION, AT RIDGEWOOD, N. J., WHERE MASKED BANDITS SHOT TWO MEN.

Frank Bechtloff, the station agent, and Peter Cisco, driver for the Wells, Fargo Express Company, were wounded by a masked robber who fired at them through a window after they had refused to give him the money in their charge. The robber and his companion escaped, leaving behind a mask, a cartridge box, an empty shell and a gun cleaner.

advocate of fair dealing, and that is per-
haps why he left politics for more pacific
fields. "I'm a square man," he has con-
stantly averred, and this quality has
marked his conduct toward about 8,000 per-
sons with whom he does business in the
way of feeding them each working day of
the week. Mr. Everett declares he is a
victim of injustice.

Persons who passed his place at No.
327 Washington street, Brooklyn, yester-
day wondered at the sudden change that
had taken place in the brilliant and im-
posing front of the restaurant. In fact there
was no front there at all. It had disap-
peared, and in its place was a great sheet
of white cotton stretched across the dis-
consolate looking opening.

This portion of the establishment is con-
nected with a wing that opens on No.
10 Myrtle avenue, where the tables were
occupied and business was brisk. In the
Washington street place, however, there
was no business. Instead there were
wreck and dissolution. The walls had
been dismantled, the fixtures taken away
and the floor was covered with fragments
of plastering. An extension in the rear
of the room looked as though it had been
doing business with a dynamite shell; the
roof was missing and the three big win-
dows that look upon Flood alley were shorn
of all their glory of stained glass, and the
melancholy frames standing.

Mr. Everett's lease of the Washington
street premises expires on May 1. Its
handsome front belongs to him, the stained
glass windows of the extension and the
roof thereof also belongs to him.
So he removed them. He will, however,
build another front to the place, exactly
similar to the one he found there when he
leased the premises five years ago; he will
also put the extension in its original con-
dition.

The property belongs to the Demas
Barnes estate, of this city, and the ex-
Assemblyman leased it at a rental of \$2,000
a year. The room is 25 feet wide, 110 feet
deep and 30 feet in height. When Everett
moved in he fixed it up elaborately and
spent nearly \$20,000 in improvements. One
plate glass mirror alone cost \$2,000, as did
the centre window of "cathedral glass"
that was placed in the extension. It was
20 feet high, and for a time was one of
the wonders of Brooklyn. Four massive
columns that guarded the extension he had so
treated that they shone like copper. In-
deed, some folks so mistook them.

Everett's business increased, and from
time to time he added to the ornamenta-
tion of the restaurant. The only drawback
was that it was not lighted to suit him.
His bills for gas and electricity amounted
to \$400 a month and in December last he
consulted J. A. Sharpe, attorney for the
estate, as to renewing the lease. It was

work of young men wholly inexperienced
in that variety of crime. There were
many conflicting stories told yesterday by
those who were in or near the depot at the
time of the attempted robbery as to ex-
actly what occurred, but the stories told
by the station agent, Charles F. Bechtloff,
and Baggage Master John Rightmire were
confirmed in most particulars and tallied
with each other to such an extent that
they can be accepted as very nearly cor-
rect.

The first that was known of the pres-
ence of the robbers was at 9:15 o'clock,
when Rightmire, who was walking along
the platform toward the waiting room
door, was stopped by a man who pointed
a pistol at him and ordered him to throw
up his hands. The man wore a white
mask over his face and a black slouch
hat.

Three of Rightmire's friends were stand-
ing within a few feet of him, and on hear-
ing the stranger's command they told him,
laughingly, to quit fooling and put up his
pistol. With considerable profanity the
masked man cried that he would shoot
them all if they did not put up their
hands.

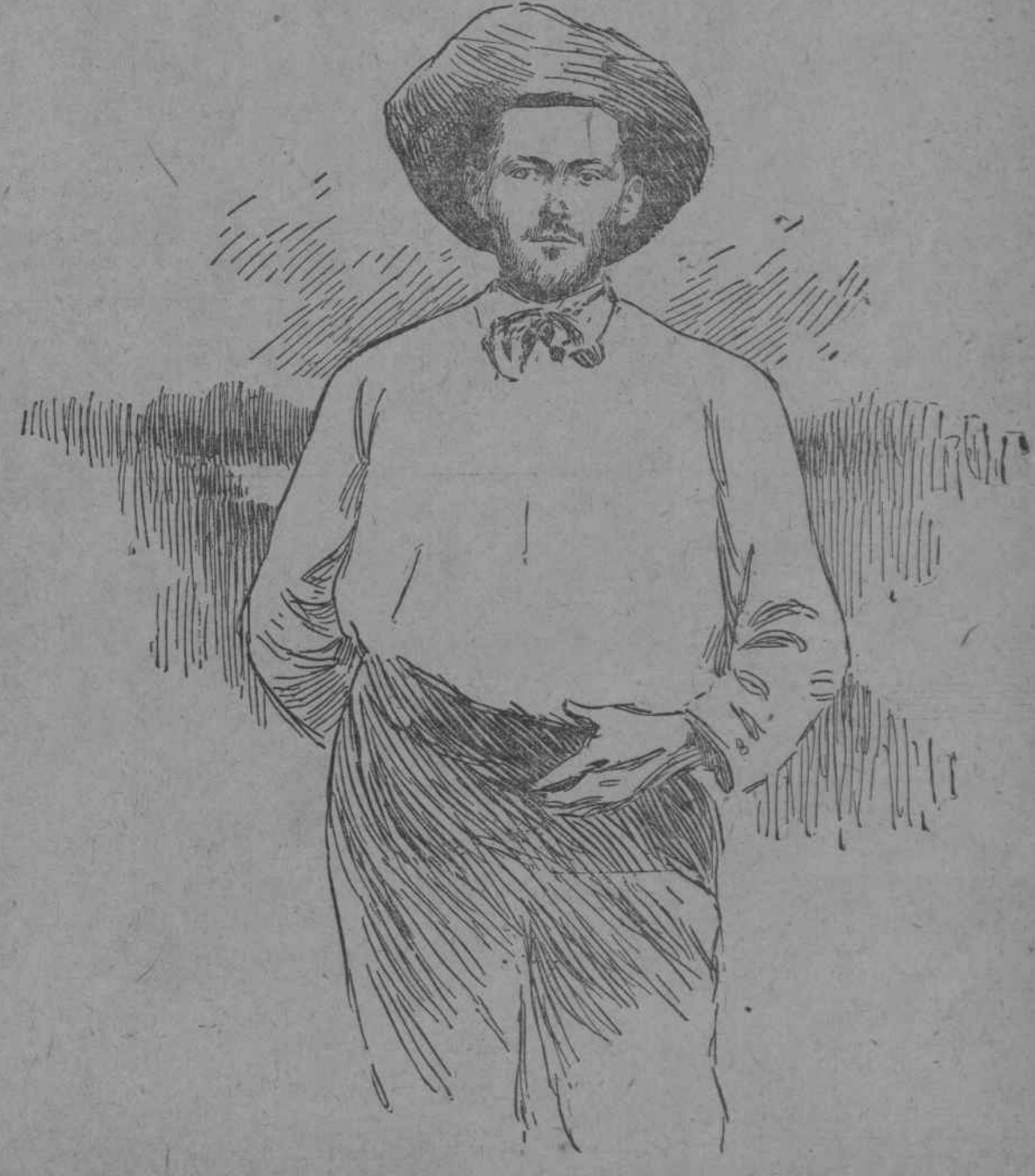
ESCAPE AFTER THE SHOOTING.

At that moment two women and a man,
all negroes, came rushing out of the wait-
ing room, shouting "help" and "murder."
A second later a shot was heard inside the
station. The masked man on the platform
turned and ran across the tracks, crying
that he would shoot any one who followed
him. Rightmire started for the waiting
room door, and met coming out a second
masked man, who pointed a rifle at him
and told him to get out of the way.

The platform was cleared in an instant,
and the two masked men joined each
other and ran up the tracks toward the
north. Rightmire and his friends ran
toward the business part of the town to
get assistance and arm themselves.

The work of robber No. 2, who fired the
shot inside the station, began when he en-
tered the waiting room door at about the
time his accomplice stopped Rightmire. No.
2 had a rifle in his hands and wore a
white mask, a black derby hat and a
light colored overcoat.

The three negroes, Mattie Crowley, Mat-
tie Shepard and Thomas Franklin, were or-
dered to "get out." They started for the
rear door, but No. 2 changed his position
and, pointing the gun at them, drove them
out of the front door. The negroes were
not quite through the door when the
masked man went to the door leading into
the ticket office, and tried to open it. The
door was locked and he stopped to the
ticket window, through which he could see
Agent Bechtloff and Peter Cisco, a negro
express messenger. A plate glass shutter
inside of the brass grating was closed.
Bechtloff was sitting at a desk, about



WALTER GRANT DYGERT.

For many weeks he has been held in a Spanish prison on trumped up charges, but through the efforts of the Journal his release was hastened, and the young man is once more on American soil. He tells the story of his indignities and of the efforts made to convict him.

DYGERT IS ON AMERICAN SOIL.

Once More Breathes the Air
of Freedom After Weeks
in a Spanish Prison.

The Young Man Tells the Jour-
nal of the Indignities In-
flicted Upon Him.

Turned Into the Streets at Night
Without Even His Money or Val-
uables Being Returned.

ORDERED TO LEAVE CUBA AT ONCE.

No Effort Left Undone to Convict the
Prisoner—The Peculiar Artifices Em-
ployed to Force Him to Incrim-
inate Himself.

Tampa, Fla., April 26.—Walter Grant
Dygert arrived on the steamer Mascotte
from Cuba to-night. He made the follow-



ing statement of his movements since he
left his home near Moscow, Idaho:

To the Editor of the Journal:
"I had been engaged in placer mining
in Idaho which could not be operated in
the winter, so left my home to visit rela-
tives at Greenwood, Ill. I remained there
about three months, but being desirous of
seeing the South, came on down to Mobile,
Ala., where I took passage on the steam-
ship Florida, arriving in Tampa February
7th. I remained here until the 19th, when
I embarked on the steamship Olivette for
Havana. I purposely left all my baggage
in Tampa to avoid any annoyance at the
custom house in Havana. Reaching Key
West, and not having a passport, I there
obtained a certificate of American citizen-
ship. I arrived at Havana on the 10th